

THE SONG OF THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY HENRY W. HEYWOOD.

(May be sung to the tune of ' Rory O'More'.)

Let us list to the song of the factory girl,
As she sings 'mid the hum, and the clack, and the whirl;
Tho' her task it be hard, yet her heart it is light;
And she sings at her 'loom,' from the morn till the night.

Tell me why should she not, if her health is but good,
And her pay gives her plenty, for dress, and for food?
For the most independent of women is she,
Who has plenty of cash, who from care is quite free.

At her 'dresser' she sings, where the 'warp' is in size,
At the 'speeder,' and 'spooler,' the song doth arise;
Go to this room, or that room, or which one you will,
Still you hear it, as follows: the 'song of the mill.'

Who so blithe, or so gay, in the city or town?
As the girl of the mill, in her 'Merrimack' gown,

As she hies to her work, at the dawning of day,
And from morning till night, still keeps working away.

When the sound of the bell, at the set of the sun,
Tells to her, and to all, that the day's work is done;
Then released from her toil, as the wind she is free,
And may go to a party, or 'social levee.'

Then if healthy and merry, the factory girl be,
Who this life can enjoy, any better than she?
And to you let us whisper a word ere you go;
If we have a good offer, we marry; you know.

Such the 'song of the mill,' by the factory girl sung;
Who's a merrier heart, or more musical tongue?
O, then list to her 'yarn,' as she 'spins' it along,
And confess, that there's joy in the factory girl's song.

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